



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 17. No. 5. July, 1944.



SYDNEY TURF CLUB RACES

TO BE HELD ON

RANDWICK RACECOURSE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26th, 1944

PROGRAMME

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD NOVICE HANDICAP.

(For Three-Year-Olds)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 24th August; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For horses three-years-old which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

THE TRIAL HANDICAP.

(For horses Five-Years-Old and Under)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 24th August; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under, which have never at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden, Novice and Encourage Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. Horses to be ridden by Apprentices who have not ridden twenty (20) winners. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

(For Horses Five-Years-Old and Under)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 24th August; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never at the time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.**

THE CAPE SOLANDER HANDICAP.

(For Three-Year-Olds)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 24th August; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. For three-years-olds at time of starting. Highest handicap weight not more than 9st. 5lb. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **SIX FURLONGS.**

THE FLYING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 24th August; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Highest handicap weight not more than 9st. 5lb. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **SIX FURLONGS.**

THE SYDNEY TURF CLUB HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 24th August; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.**

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £9 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 24th August; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. 7lb. **ONE MILE.**

ENTRIES.—The Entries for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of the S.T.C. at the office of the Australian Jockey Club, the V.R.C., Melbourne; Q.T.C., Brisbane; or N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 14th August, 1944. The first forfeit of £1 must accompany each entry. If entries are made by telegram the amount of forfeit must also be telegraphed.

WEIGHTS.—Weights to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 21st August, or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

ACCEPTANCES.—Acceptances are due with the Secretary, S.T.C. at the office of the A.J.C., Sydney, only at 1 p.m. on Thursday, 24th August.

Owners of horses not scratched before that time become liable for the balance of the Sweepstakes.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races, unless otherwise provided, a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day (weight-for-age races excepted) when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

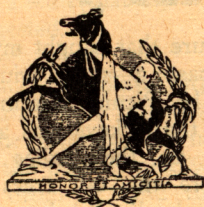
The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distance advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

Entries for any of the above Races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

C. MACK, Acting Secretary, S.T.C.

GEO. T. ROWE, Hon. Racing Secretary, 6 Bligh Street, Sydney



Established 14th May,
1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
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Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

THE battle has been joined, as the Generals say, and on a scale in the air, on land and on sea, such as Sam Goldwyn would declare "colossal."

This belching inferno of men and machines would have stupefied Dante, given Dore the raves, and rocked Hannibal and his elephant hosts.

It is now "do or die" for all the combatants.

In Normandy the Huns are fighting with brutish desperation, for it is not defeat so much as retribution that they fear. They observe the terror emerging from underground in the conquered territories, and they realise that the fortunate among them will be those who fall in battle.

The Allies, therefore, have everything to live for and the Huns everything to die for. This goes also for the Japanese.

It is a hard, grim game being played. We must continue to render such service as we may, and this through living up to the club spirit, a resolve to which we have been foresworn by the founders.

Vol. 17—No. 5.

July, 1944.

The Club Man's Diary

JULY BIRTHDAYS: 6th, J. B. Moran; 8th, Conrad Horley; 15th, W. M. Gollan, R. C. Chapple; 17th, L. Mitchell; 19th, A. H. Stocks; 21st, G. F. Wilson; 28th, L. J. Maidment.

* * *

Flying Officer L. J. Plasto wrote from England to his father of a day at the races at Windsor:

"John Moran and an English lad named Dug were with me. As John and I were the only Australians on the course, we created a lively interest among the type that pass on information (confidentially) and then want a couple of bob. However, this information, with Dug's beginner's luck—it was his first visit to a race meeting—enabled us to win £5 10s. apiece, although we picked 'em at random. We put the finishing touch on the day by visiting the Coconut Grove Night Club."

* * *

You could scarcely believe he had endured so much and remained so young—maybe at times he believed himself fortunate to remain at all—but there he was, in the club, the youthful Flying Officer Jack Murray, wearing the D.F.M. ribbon, won as a member of the R.A.A.F. when attached to the R.A.F., during three years service abroad. This young Australian talked quietly, a little shyly, and dismissed with a shrug of his shoulders any reference to his service. The ribbon told the story for all who cared to read.

Flying Officer Murray is a son of our club member, Arthur Murray, who has three other sons in the fighting services.

* * *

This is the "Sydney Morning Herald's" music critic sounding a note for the local lads: Only recently an American serviceman discovered that some Australian dance bands sometimes excel America's. Why not? Our cricketers often excel England's, but is the range of our self-confidence and self-belief to be confined to such things as cricket? Australians themselves must learn to blast to pieces this timid philosophy that Australia, apologetically, produces an occasional pedestrian talent, while the rest of the world breeds the geniuses.

Terry Ahern, who died recently away from his native Brisbane, was in boyhood a playmate of mine and of the Cains, the Carmichaels, the Macgroarty's and the Wilsons, many of whom graduated from that paddock where we first kicked a rag football to play in the senior clubs and represent the State. One of them, Phil Carmichael, was a member of the Wallabies. In his position of full-back he was not outshone by any other player in any department. "The Illustrated London News" chose Carmichael as a model for a full-page study.

Terry's brother Frank ("Skeet") represented Queensland at five-eighth, and Phil's brother, Joe, played at centre for the Maroons. Neil Macgroarty, who in later years became Attorney-General of Queensland, knocked at the door of State selection; and so did others of that group.

* * *

Terry Ahern got his rise in life when, in partnership with Jack Cain, he went into a small hotel at Paddington, a near suburb of Brisbane. After that the luck was with them all the way so far as the world's goods were concerned. Terry made a lot of money, but he gave a lot away. No genuine battler ever appealed to him in vain. Unfortunately his health failed him badly in later years.

* * *

Mr. Ahern, who was president of the Brisbane Amateur Turf Club, was elected a member of Tattersall's Club 11/12/1922, and died in Melbourne 17/6/1944.

* * *

We regret to announce the deaths of Mr. Stanley G. Shepherd, elected 7/12/36, died 17/6/44; Sir John Harrison, elected hon. life member in October, 1929, died 22/6/44; Mr. Alfred E. Peck, elected 24/2/36, died 23/6/44.

* * *

Sir John Harrison superintended the erection at Matraville of homes for soldiers financed by Tattersall's Club after the previous war.

Mr. Shepherd was a well-known turf patron. His colours were carried by Disalto.

A picture that caught my eye as I moved past a shop window was titled "The Picnic Meeting." The livery of the jockeys was a little too gorgeous—as the ladies say—but there were the tall trees and the rough track divided by rude rails. There are (or were), of course, picnic meetings and picnic meetings; those invented to ape Randwick, confined more or less to the "social element," and the meetings permeated by the real atmosphere of the way-back; an occasion of slouch hats, whiskers and buggies. Perhaps that is delving a little into the past, in an era of motor cars (and aeroplanes), but I relish the memory.

* * *

My first appearance on a real race-course was at Ascot (Brisbane) as a youth, in the first year of my association with a newspaper. My job was to take a shorthand note—and how!—of the call of the race given by my senior colleague, A. E. J. Austin ("Sirdar"), turf writer for "The Courier," then the "Sydney Morning Herald" of the Northern State.

It was a grand occasion. Arthur stood up in the Press box and "called" for all the pressmen—and all within hearing. The fact that he spoke rapidly, coupled with the awkward names of the horses, tested my shorthand; but I was grateful for the experience when, later, I had to tackle the parliamentarians.

* * *

I told Bill Kerr and Bill Forster, in the club, the sequel to that first race meeting. I had one wager during the day, and that a winning bet on the last race. It happened to be a fairly solid win, and I was in a quandary as to what I should do with it, since I did not want my parents to get an exaggerated impression of my turf wagering.

Usually—as I learned later—a man's trouble is in thinking up something by way of explanation or excuse on a losing day. On the contrary I had to find an explanation for my win. I can recall how that money burned a hole in my pocket until the last shilling had been expended.

My people did not oppose my going to races in my youth, on duty or

for pleasure, but they frowned on betting on a scale that my win, *prima facie*, suggested.

* * *

Recording the 88th birthday of Teddy Knight, a sporting writer credited the veteran with having acquired in the past a horse which had failed so often to land the money that Teddy renamed it "Too Many Seconds," following which it finished first.

Another club veteran informed me that the name, "Too Many Seconds," was given in similar circumstances to a horse bought by Thomas Michael Slattery. It was coincidental that the new owner's initials, T.M.S., should apply so aptly to the horse's name.

* * *

Horses who have run second in a series of important races may claim a little of the limelight of turf records. Although they failed to succeed, their performances were unique. Consistency in running second, even in running a place, should be regarded as an achievement. Bill Kerr told me that in other years he had ended up a winner after one of his team had run five seconds consecutively.

In the early years of this century the habit of Apple Pie to run second on important occasions inspired Alf Vincent, a "Bulletin" artist of the era to sketch a waitress shouting an order down a chute: "Apple Pie one!" while at the adjacent table punters were scowling.

* * *

Some time ago I wrote playfully that too many horses were handicapped by the names they bore. A member agreed seriously and added that the best horses, in the majority, had "noble or neat names." There are longer memories than mine to settle that; but let us start from Windbag and go backward and forward.

When I suggested that to the member he said he regarded "Windbag" as being anything but an "ignoble name." "Well, inelegant," I ventured. "I think it a good name, full of meaning and quaintly related to the name of the sire, Magpie," he retorted.

I would like to know who named Windbag, and how he became so to be named, as a matter of interest for readers of this magazine. A leap

in the dark is that, apart from the name of the sire, the word "Windbag" was being bandied about at the time of Windbag's being named.

* * *

The term "inelegant" reminds me. When Sir George Reid came back from the High Commissioner's post, I was assigned the job of interviewing him. My Editor of the time was not concerned about what I might ask Sir George, so I suggested, as a lead, that he might boost—

Before I could continue, the aged knight had almost lurched out of his chair. "Boost, boost!" he repeated in shocked terms. "What an inelegant word!" Quickly I ran off a succession of synonyms. Sir George was quieted and the interview proceeded peacefully.

That was long ago, but I look back gratefully to the man and happily to the occasion.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS

The Committee wishes to advise members that no applications for membership will be received until further notice.

In "Men Who Make the Future," a recently published book, a chapter is devoted to "genius," a term, like "miracle," hard done by in Australia to-day. However, the author of this book states that "a certain percentage of mankind is born with chromosomes that are packed with more or better genes than the average individual." In other words, the quality, not the quantity, of the grey matter counts; or, it's not the shape or size of heads but what's inside them. The genius is mentally abnormal — how near to, or how far from madness no one has informed us yet. Probably it is a good thing for the world that the geniuses are so few and so occasional.

* * *

In America (and in some places in Australia) centre is spelt "center," which explains that wisecrack from a Yankee newspaper:

It isn't true that the British are going to reform their spelling to save paper. Spelling that way is one of the freedoms they are fighting for.

Admiral Mitscher commanded the American fleet which put the Japanese to flight:

*Because of their Admiral Mitscher,
The odds on the Yankees are ritscher.
Togo said:—"I've a hunch
He packs honorable punch—
Be careful lest Mitscher should
hitscher."*

* * *

The British may not always have kept their powder dry, but they have constantly placed their faith in God. The King in all broadcasts to his people at home and overseas expresses the will to win "with God's help"; a manifestation of the spirit which neither sword nor fire can strike or sear.

Montgomery called the forces to prayer before El Alamein. We know from our history books that the English spent the eve of Agincourt on their knees while the French roistered in their tents. What happened before El Alamein and elsewhere is the Agincourt spirit again—as an English writer commented recently, "the spirit that saw the angels at Mons in 1914 and the White Cavalry at Bethune in 1918; the spirit that in time of peril or triumph calls the British people to prayer on thanksgiving; that bids us make a hymn not a war song, of our National Anthem."

"Sometimes," says Churchill, "I have a feeling of interference. I have a feeling that some guiding hand has interfered. I have a feeling that we have a guardian because we serve a great cause, and we shall have that guardian so long as we serve the cause faithfully."

* * *

A tribute by Dorothy Thompson, one of America's foremost writers:

"And when you speak, Churchill, brave men's hearts go out to you; there are no neutral hearts, except those that have stopped beating, have gone into neutral. There are no neutral prayers. Through our hearts and our prayers we in America, in the United States, say: God give you strength! God bless you. May you live to cultivate your garden in a free world, liberated from terror and persecution, from war and fear."

(Continued on Page 10.)

DO YOU KNOW?

Why are there Jockey Clubs, Turf Clubs and Racing Clubs? No authority supplies a reason for the variation of names of racing bodies.

In Australia the eastern States provide the complete reversal of form with the Queensland Turf Club, the Australian Jockey Club, and Victoria Racing Club, the turf authority or principal club for Queensland, N.S.W. and Victoria respectively.

For good measure there is the South Australian Jockey Club, the Western Australian Turf Club, and the Tasmanian Racing Club.

In an endeavour to elucidate the puzzle which was the subject of discussion in this club, reference was made to the A.J.C. officials. Apart from a reply that it was an unsolved mystery by that body, no progress could be reported.

Encyclopaedia and reference books dealing with all phases of racing revealed nothing helpful.

Summing up by a leading official is that names were chosen according to the tastes of founders of clubs concerned. There is support for this when reference is made to the names of the various bodies linked up with the foundation body. The Jockey Club, one of the five recognised turf authorities of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands.

They are The Jockey Club, The National Hunt Committee, The Turf Club of Ireland, The Irish National Hunt Steeplechase Committee, and The Channel Islands Racing and Hunt Club.

So now you see the foundation recognised turf authorities set the variation standard with some emphasis.

The Jockey Club of England, the parent body, was founded in 1750, and controls the famous Newmarket Downs on which it established its racecourse in 1753.

Actually the formation of The Jockey Club co-ordinated racing interests and established some unified control, for racing began centuries

earlier and Pepys in his diary has much to say of incidents on the turf in 1663.

For those who prefer some measure of consistency, India has the Royal Calcutta Turf Club and Western India Turf Club while adjacent is the Ceylon Turf Club, but in Singapore, before the Japanese hordes descended, the Straits Racing Association was in charge.

Similar consistency, but following on English pattern, is observed in South Africa with the Jockey Club of S.A. and Jockey Club of Kenya.

Jockey clubs predominate in U.S.A., with the Jockey Club of New York, founded in 1894, and the Western Jockey Club of the Middle West. The names of the bodies in San Francisco for the West, and in Louisville for the South and South-West, follow association pattern. All U.S.A. racing comes under the central control of the State Racing Commission.

In Canada the governing body is the Incorporated Canadian Racing Association.

British brevity is offset by Gallic prolixity, for in France the counterpart of The Jockey Club is the Societe d'Encouragement pour l'Amelioration des Races de Chevaux en France. No translation is necessary particularly for an old—or new—Digger, particularly the chevaux part.

Although The Jockey Club is in supreme control in England, the many subsidiary bodies are peculiar and varied. None boasts a club on Australian standards and they range from straight-out proprietary companies to those of private personal ownership to the unique Doncaster gatherings where the St. Leger is decided. At Doncaster the meetings are conducted by the Race Committee of the Doncaster Corporation to the great content of ratepayers of that city. In the piping days of peace profits from race meetings offset the municipal outgoings.

Otherwise the 48 racing bodies in England and Scotland from Alexandra

Park to York are simply known by the name of the course.

During the last two years plans have been blue-printed for a complete reorganisation, with the closing of a number of courses, bringing many others up-to-date, and the change-over to a non-proprietary basis to correspond with the status of The Jockey Club.

All this brings us back to the plethora of racing organisations which have flourished and should flourish again, no matter by what name they are known, for, after all, "What's in a name?"

But we would still like to know why the most august body is a jockey club, whose practical mind evolved a racing club, and the discoverer of the short-cut alternative to turf club.

—H. G. W.

AFFILIATED CLUBS

Century Club, Panama, U.S.A.

Denver Athletic Club, Denver, U.S.A.

Lake Shore Club of Chicago, Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the Los Angeles Athletic Club:—

Pacific Coast Club.

Hollywood Athletic Club.

Riviera Country Club.

Santa Monica Deauville Club.

Olympic Club, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.

Terminal City Club, 837 West Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

The San Diego Club, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

PENSIVE

Best Three-Year-Old in U.S.A.

Pensive, son of the English sire Hyperion, won the Kentucky Derby last month and followed up by taking the Preakness Stakes a week later, rating him best three-year-old in U.S.A.

A drab wartime crowd of 60,000 braved a dull forenoon to see the Derby in fleeting sunshine.

The Kentucky Derby this year was the most valuable of the series and Pensive earned 65,675 dollars for his owner, Mr. Warren Wright, of the Calumet Farm stable.

He started at 7 to 1, came through on the inside in the straight and won easily, running the mile and a quarter on a slow track in 2.4 1/5.

Sectional times of the race were amazing from an Australian racing angle, the first two fur-

longs being run in 23 3/5, three furlongs in 35, and half-mile in 47 1/5, with the last half mile slowing down to 51 4/5.

The race was a triumph for the diminutive jockey Conn McCreary, who persuaded trainer Ben Jones to take the colt to Louisville.

Ben Jones is one of the great trainers of the country. He had two Derby winners, Lawrin and Whirlaway, and was dead-sure he had two more winners ready for 1942 and 1943. But he did not have a starter with the famous Calumet stable in either year.

He had two hopes this year, Pensive and Twilight Tear, but when Pensive was beaten by the rank outsider Gramps Image in the Chesapeake Stakes a week before the Derby, Jones lost heart.

Stir Up, ridden by the leading jockey, E. Arcaro, was a hot favourite for the Derby, but finished a well-beaten third.

Interesting feature of the race from a stake angle is that there were four prizes for the first four place-fillers, 6,000 dollars divided between the trainers of the first three horses, 3,500 dollars for the breeders, making 10 prizes in all.

If you read your daily newspapers carefully you will not miss such precious items as this (referring to Palm Beach):

Tivoli showgirls, who selected the beach because of its privacy, will now have to find somewhere else to surf.

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**TATTERSALL'S CLUB**

157 ELIZABETH STREET,
SYDNEY.

★ *One for the Boys!*

Many good friends have told us that our Club Nights of the past have been so enjoyable that words fail us in endeavouring to tell you of the preparations made to entertain members and their ladies on

THURSDAY, 27th JULY

Principal purpose of the get-together is the furthering of the Anzac House Appeal.

This glorious objective calls for urgency so that when Johnny comes marching home again he'll find that Anzac House will be the soldier's dream of home come true.

It will be an "Open Night," with plenty of room for friends. Fun will commence at 7.30 p.m. and will still be going strong when you feel that you really should be "gang awa' hame."

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

☆ *Last Thursday in
the month—the 27th!*

Club of the British Immortals

By David Anderson

One hundred years ago an artist clambered to the top of the Duke of York's column to make a drawing of that new and promising quarter of London. In the foreground the corners of his composition were firmly pegged down by two buildings on Pall Mall, notable for their symmetry and solid good taste; they were, reading from left to right, the Athen-

to lead the forces of freedom to victory—namely, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

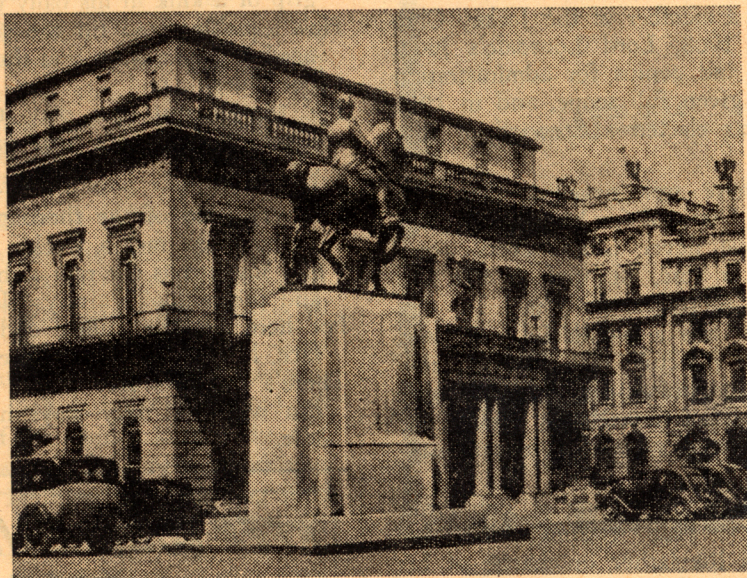
The Athenaeum is not by any means a springboard for successful military operations and indeed the presence of military men within its walls at all needs explaining, since it is primarily the abode of writers, painters, scientists, jurists and

conformity with the principles on which it was originally founded, that the annual introduction of a certain number of persons of distinguished eminence in science, literature, or the arts, or for public services, should be secured, a limited number of persons of such qualifications shall be elected by the committee. The number of persons so elected shall not exceed nine in each year. The club entrusts this privilege to the committee in the entire confidence that they will only elect persons who shall have attained to distinguished eminence in science, literature or the arts, or for public services.

This and other nets cast by the committee of the Athenaeum have made a truly remarkable haul over the past 120 years. The first club list included seven future Prime Ministers who rubbed shoulders in the following years with such men as Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Charles Darwin, Robert Browning, Thomas Carlyle, Sir George du Maurier, Sir Henry Irving, Thomas Huxley, Cardinal Manning, John Stuart Mill, John Ruskin.

All British Prime Ministers save two became honorary members, as have United States Ambassadors to the Court of St. James. Royalty, too, was given a limited opportunity to join the exalted company of the Athenaeum.

Elected with General Eisenhower under Rule II was Air Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder. Last year Admiral Harold Stark, commander of United States naval forces in Europe, became a member and in the year before Lord Keynes, Field Marshal Wavell and Admiral Sir Dudley Pound were honoured. Chief Justice Stone preceded General Eisenhower. There are about thirty Americans in the Athenaeum's membership of 1,700 at present.



Athenaeum Club, London.

aeum and the United Service Club. This artist, since he was a forerunner of the modern news photographer, had the sense to include a stone block before the door of the Athenaeum, placed there to aid the Duke of Wellington mount his horse after dining.

To-day the scene remains much the same. Regent Street and Waterloo Place have matured, many of the original landmarks are no longer there, yet the Athenaeum and its companion club over the way still stand, firmer than ever save for glass shattered periodically by bomb blast. Where Wellington walked, Londoners these days see another member of the Athenaeum likewise destined

bishops. However, from the outset in 1824 the club aimed high, so high that by now it is a kind of Valhalla for living Britons and the few carefully chosen outsiders admitted to membership.

The Athenaeum is at once the most exclusive club in England and the most inclusive. Nothing quite like it ever happened before; even in London men stand in awe of it. How the Athenaeum attained this pinnacle is a puzzle to many who consider it sober-sided, stuffy, mossgrown and pompous. Perhaps the key can be found in Rule II, the most famous of all British club regulations. It reads:—

It being essential to the maintenance of the Athenaeum, on

Britain's Premier Sportsman

Late Lord Lonsdale

By the death of Lord Lonsdale, K.G., on April 13 at Oakham, Rutland, there passed the greatest all-round sportsman Britain has ever produced.

He lived to the full his 87 years, which were rich in adventure and accomplishment, prolific in enduring friendship. The friend of princes, he walked the stage of sport and society a serene and commanding figure, envied by many, admired by all.

No man in his time made such appeal alike to rich and poor. He was a picturesque figure radiating good fellowship and geniality, but the secret of his popularity went deeper than mere appearances.

He did not seek fame. A man of expert sporting knowledge gained in the school of experience, he not only knew, but he could do, or had accomplished.

He excelled in athletics, boxing, cricket, yachting, shooting, coursing and in every branch of sport in which the horse plays a noble part.

His Great Love.

His athletic feats were many and exceptional, but horses were his great love. He could ride almost before he could walk, spent about 18 months as trick rider and acrobat in a circus, became Master of crack packs of foxhounds, and the owner of a St. Leger winner.

Probably no other man did more to increase the prestige and widen the popularity of racing, though his career on the Turf brought him few of its rich prizes.

He owned racehorses for nearly 60 years. In recent times his horses were trained by Fred Darling at Beckhampton and Bob Armstrong, who trained first at Penrith and more recently at Middleham.

His horses did not meet with outstanding success, however, until 1922, when Royal Lancer won the St. Leger, and in 1923, when Diligence dead-heated with Simon Pure for the Kempton Jark Jubilee Stakes.

A feature of Lord Lonsdale's racing career was the unique meeting with which, in accordance with family tradition, he celebrated his succession to the peerage in 1883.

Trainers' Tributes.

The fixture was called "Burgh Barony," held at Burgh-by-Sands, near Carlisle. Most of the leading jockeys of the period rode at the meeting, and the chief race, the Barony Cup, was won by Mr. T. Robinson's Harmony Hall.

As a member of the Jockey Club since 1908, Lord Lonsdale's judgment and genius for administration were given full scope, and in 1923 he was elected a Steward of that body.

"There was never a man like him. I trained for him for 50 years and we never had a cross word. Win or lose, he took it like the grand sportsman, he was.

"He was a wonderful organiser, a most punctual man, always keeping an appointment to the second. A man of remarkable ability, he could have succeeded in any capacity."

Such is the tribute of Bob Armstrong. Fred. Darling, who succeeded his father in charge of his lordship's horses, said much the same:—

"He was a wonderful man to train for. He was delighted when his horses won, and had a smile when they lost. He was a great and true friend."

In field sports coursing held a high place in his estimation. He had acted as slipper at tenants' meetings over his estates at Lowther, and the meetings run at Longtown, at which the Lonsdale and Netherby Cups were run, became little less famous than the Waterloo Cup fixture.

One of the proudest moments of his life was when his puppy Latto won the Waterloo Cup in 1923.

Lord Lonsdale, who had succeeded a brother, was a childless widower, and is succeeded by his brother, Capt. the Hon. Lancelot Edward Lowther, who is 76.

STABLE INFORMATION From Grantland Rice

I've studied the thoroughbred year by year, studied with much remorse,

He's harder to beat than the income tax—except by another horse.

I've found one tip you can always play, no matter the path you choose,

There's only one way that a horse can win—but fifty ways he can lose.

The thoroughbred is a noble steed—until he carries your coin,

Then he gets the pip or he has the grip of a kink in his bally groin.

He's a noble steed till the time of need when he sings you the Mutual Blues,

For there's just one way that a horse can win—but fifty ways he can lose.

I'm very fond of the thoroughbred—about one race a week.

I play my tips as the raw cash slips, and the outlook's always bleak.

For here are the killing odds you face, here is the deadly fuse—

There's just one way that a horse can win—but fifty ways he can lose.

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5

McMahon's FOR
HAIR
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BILLIARDS

Great Deeds in Billiard History

Billiards fans learned with extreme regret the passing of H. W. (Harry) Stevenson, ex-world champion, during June. Stevenson was well known all over Australia—almost as well known in England where he was born and bred. Like all champions, he had the wanderlust and for a quarter of a century was displaying his wares in every nook and corner of the globe.

Of the more artistic type of player, Stevenson had big bearing on moulding the style of modern player, just as every other champion has done. But, in this case, the style has stayed so long that it is generally accepted as the model.

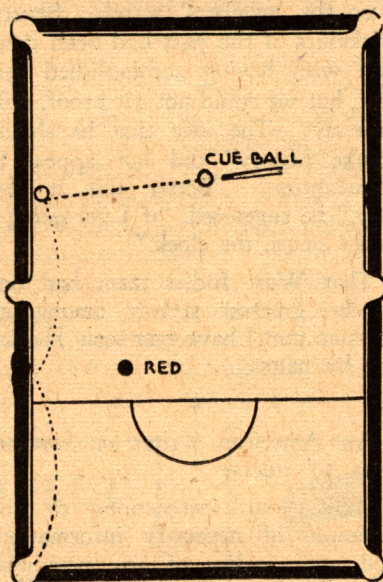
Stevenson was really the stepping stone to Walter Lindrum's greatness. There was much trouble in getting the Englishman to cross cues with the left-handed wizard, but at long last he consented on terms of his own making. The rest is history, and, almost overnight, Walter Lindrum became a big time name in billiards lore. It has never waned since and the Australian is universally acknowledged to be the greatest exponent the world has ever known. He is probably the greatest champion of any sport known to mankind, because it is conceded he can give a half-way start and beating to the next best.

Strangely enough the real billiard champion (world class) have been very few in number, despite the great age of the game. Moderns can only recall, say, John Roberts, senr., John Roberts, junr., Bobby Peel, W. Cook, Tom Reece, Tom Newman, Melbourne Inman, Harry Stevenson, W. Diggle, Clark McConachy and Joe Davis. That about covers the lot down to Walter Lindrum. Australia's best exponents have been Fred Lindrum, senr., Fred Lindrum, junr., Charlie Memmott, Frank Smith, senr., Fred Weiss and Horace Lindrum—not many in over 70 years, and five of them closely re-

lated. Memmott is a cousin of Lindrum's.

Each had his own characteristics.

John Roberts, senr., is known as the G.O.M. of modern billiards. He set the original standard and created many of the shots which are played by all and sundry to-day as a matter



of course. But, in the first place they had to be thought out. Roberts also designed positional play.

Roberts, junr., was the greatest showman of all time, and made over £200,000 per medium of his cue. He knew every trick of the trade in showmanship and the writer will never forget a welcome tendered him in the early 1900's when, during the course of his speech he turned his attention to pressmen for a moment. "Gentlemen," he said, "you can help very considerably to make my Australian matches an unqualified success. You will be helping me, helping your fellow-Australians and helping the game in particular. You need not try to write nice things about me or my play if you do not feel that way. You can write what you like and as often as you like. Tear into me if it pleases you and

I will never whimper provided you keep on mentioning my name!" That was a shrewd way of seeking publicity, and he got it in large lumps. The nasty things were not written because they were conspicuous by almost complete absence. Roberts, junr., was succeeded by Harry Stevenson, and we were to learn a new technique.

Stevenson was the first player to turn in a 1,000-break after the spot-barred rule came into being. He was generally regarded as a wizard, judged on standards of the times, and was publicised as a particularly fast scorer. But here is a line on how Lindrum speeded up the sport.

Playing a match against Charlie Memmott in the old room on the second floor of the Market Street end of Queen Victoria Markets, Stevenson returned a 537 break in 27 minutes. The feat was considered incredible and hit the headlines. Nowadays, Lindrum knocks up 1,000 in 30 minutes, and on one occasion in our own club scored 100 in 38 3/5 seconds with stop watches checking the tempo.

Harry Stevenson was an adept at using "side," and had tremendous knowledge regarding its application and effect on the cue-ball. He also subscribed to the idea that "side" on the cue-ball can be transmitted to the object-ball.

It was Harry Stevenson who invented the "swinger" shot as shown in the diagram reproduced. Note carefully that the object ball is not quite hard up against the side cushion. Plenty of cue power is required and the cue-ball is struck at "2 o'clock" to create the ricochet effect—actually over-spin and side sway. The shot is an ideal one to gain immediate position and not so difficult once mastered. Thanks, Harry, by your artistry, sportsmanship and inventive brain on the table we will remember you with kindest feelings.

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

I heard the story of the famous Sandy Ross-Larry Foley vendetta from the lips of both the principals (Jim Donald wrote in Sydney "Daily Mirror").

It must be all of 17 years ago that I interviewed "Sandy" Ross at his snug citrus farm at the foot of the Galston Gorge. Sandy was 83 years of age, six feet in height and straight as a lance. He was of Northern Ireland parentage and was born at sea during the voyage of the family to Australia.

During the height of the "Orange and Green" faction fights, "Sandy" was a cab driver in Sydney and a noted warrior in the ranks of militant Orangedom. This was during the middle of the late 60's. "Sandy" fought and whipped so many "Irishers" in street fights that the "Exiles of Erin" determined to find a man capable of beating him. Their choice fell on 19-years-old Larry Foley, then a hodcarrier on the Redfern railway bridge construction.

Foley and Ross fought twice for a big side-wager under London prize-ring rules. The first fight at George's River lasted 140 rounds (two hours 40 minutes) and Foley was declared the winner. The second battle was fought at Port Hacking and Foley (a greatly improved fighter) whipped Ross in four rounds lasting 28 minutes. The stakes were £200 aside. Ross lived to be 90, but Foley died in his early 60's in 1911.

* * *

Leary Constantine, former West Indies cricketer, brought an action against the management of a London hotel, alleging in effect that the colour line had been drawn against him when he and his wife applied for accommodation. He was awarded £4 damages.

In most cases the managements of hotels do not base their reluctance or objection to accommodate cullid pussons on personal grounds, but are influenced by the prejudice of their white-skinned patrons—this is not to comment on the Constantine case.

I saw a good deal of Constantine when he was here with the West Indians. He was a likeable chap, the personality of the team and, while conscious of the limelight streaming constantly upon him, contained himself modestly. After he had engaged in a terrific batting exhibition on Sydney Cricket Ground, I was asked by my newspaper to suggest to him that he should say that, on his next appearance, he would break the clock over the members' stand. Several cricketers of the past had been credited with having accomplished that feat, but we could not get proof, only hear-say. The idea that he should "make history" did not appeal to Constantine. "Better put it this way," he suggested, "if I get going I might smash the clock."

That West Indies team had one of the greatest stylists among its batsmen that I have ever seen. Hadley was his name.

* * *

An American writer on instructions to riders:

Limit your instructions to the minimum of necessary information. Tell your jockey of any peculiarities your horse may have, whether he wants to go to the front or come from behind, whether he likes to run on the rail or on the outside of horses, whether he breaks fast or slow, but don't burden him with a lot of complicated orders. If he's a good rider he doesn't need many orders; if he's a bad one he can't carry them out. Things will come up in the running of a race that cannot possibly be foreseen and a rider should be allowed to use his own initiative. As many races are lost by slavish adherence to orders as by disobedience. Don't blame your jockey if he fails to carry out instructions to the letter.

* * *

A. P. Herbert, of "Punch," has suggested that the names of the stars should be altered to make them remembered more easily. Here are some of his suggestions:

LEO should be Russia. The individual stars: Lenin, Stalin, Timoshenko, Tolstoy, Sevastopol, Smolensk.

CYGNUS — China. Individual stars: Chiang Kai-shek, Confucius, Chungking, Canton.

ANDROMEDA and PEGASUS — The Airman, Bleriot, Wright, Spitfire, Santos Dumont, Stirling, Clipper, Catalina, Kane, Finucane, Ball, Mollison.

Neither Dorothy Lamour nor Hedy Lamarr mentioned! Hollywood isn't likely to stand for that Herbert guy.

* * *

During Harry Rickards' first year (1893) of occupancy of the Tivoli, Delowery, Craydon and Holland appeared on the programme. Jim Donald, writing in Sydney "Daily Mirror," describes them as "a great Australian dancing team," and adds:

"The partnership was formed about 1889-90 and, if I am not mistaken, the team first won fame at the old Alhambra, in George St. Delowery was a first-class Irish specialty man, and Holland and Craydon good comic singers and double song and dance merchants. The partnership endured for many years and was finally broken, I think, in Brisbane some time in the early 1900's. Tom Delowery and Ted Holland settled down in the northern capital. Ted Holland (known affectionately as 'Jums' to an army of friends and acquaintances) was then (partnered by Percy St. John) well established as a successful vaudeville entrepreneur at the old Theatre Royal, in Elizabeth Street. Later, in conjunction with Sir Ben and John Fuller, he built the very fine Empire Music Hall in Albert Street. Tom Delowery had secured 'an interest' with the late Abe Barrington, then the leading book-maker in Queensland and one of the best sportsmen who ever called the odds. So the old pros were on Easy Street."

* * *

London "Daily Telegraph" published a story about two rabbits who were sitting by the roadside watch-

ing a convoy of tanks pouring from the gates of a huge factory. There seemed to be hundreds of them. "Don't think I am jealous, George," says Mrs. Rabbit, "but they must have started with more than two."

* * *

The secret weapons of this war are startling enough—the pilotless plane is really a self-propelled, directionally controlled shell of terrific calibre—but these will be overshadowed by utilisation of cosmic energy; for example, the atom-smashing cyclotron. I read recently that this potential power is almost unbelievably great, deriving as it does from the release of the enormous pent-up energy of the atom. "Any given quantity of radium, for example releases enough energy every hour to raise water of the same weight to the boiling point. The atoms in eight pounds of uranium contain as much power as is to be found in 6,300 tons of fuel oil. A half-pound of uranium would bring 386,000 tons of ice water to a boil. A pint of water, if its atomic energy could be

utilised in this way, would probably drive the Queen Elizabeth across the Atlantic and back." In the field of medicine and surgery the benefits derived from this power would be no less great.

* * *

It was alleged that Buster Keaton, one time film actor, was mad. That he is 100 per cent. sane is proved by the following item written in the "Daily Telegraph" by its U.S. correspondent:

Buster Keaton, although out of pictures for many years, still holds the pie-throwing record. He hit Alice Faye 25 times with 27 pies at 25 feet distance. That record is safe. Nobody throws pies any more. Keaton, now a Hollywood gag-man, was revealed in Collier's as an inventor. He has invented a patriotic cigarette-lighter which stands 3 ft. high. It contains 567 pieces and takes two minutes to light a cigarette. This small piece of artillery produces a flame and simultaneously the Stars and Stripes rises on a miniature flag-staff, and the machine plays eight bars of "Hearts and Flowers." He

is now working on a machine to spank the children of tired, war-working parents.

* * *

As showing the stuff of which the real heroes are made (as distinct from the "heroes" of the newspapers) consider an episode in the life of Major Charles Granville Robb, a surgeon, who landed with the first parachute ambulance unit dropped in the war. This unit accompanied a force of paratroops which landed behind the German lines at Beja, in Tunisia, and captured the town in advance of the oncoming British forces.

In landing Major Robb fractured his shin bone and rammed the bone into his knee-cap. However, this remarkable fellow assembled his unit and in all performed 160 operations on German prisoners, native air raid casualties, and British personnel. He periodically drew the fluid off his swollen knee and gave himself injections. Finally when a blood transfusion was urgently needed, he gave a pint of his own blood to the patient on the table. He was the first paratroop doctor to win the Military Cross.

WAR MAY HAVE UPSET YOUR WILL

HIGHER TAXES, lower interest rates, reduced dividends, a pegged share market, and higher living costs will probably change the result of any Will you drew up before the war.

Instruct your Solicitor to bring your Will up to date, and, if you would appoint an Executor with 58 years' experience in administering estates of every kind, an Executor who will be on duty perpetually, appoint Perpetual Trustee Company Limited.

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Canada Conquers Seasickness

Condensed from "The Toronto Star Weekly"

One day last August several Canadian medical men boarded a troop transport at Halifax hoping for the toughest storm the North Atlantic could provide.

The boat's occupants—Canadian sailors and airmen and American soldiers—were divided into three groups. One-third were given a pink capsule, another third took a capsule which looked the same, but was not; and the remaining third took nothing at all.

The boat sailed into a storm that left nothing to be desired. Men sought the rail in droves, and for every man who turned green with ghastly sickness a mark went down in the doctors' books. By the time the doctors left the boat at Newfoundland they were satisfied—they had found a cure for seasickness.

The remedy has now been tested at sea on some 3,500 men. Only five per cent. of those who took the pink pill became seasick, whereas 30 per cent. of those who took nothing went to the rail. Of those who swallowed the dummy capsules filled with sugar of milk (a check to determine the number of "psychological" cases), 13 per cent. became seasick.

To anyone who ever went to sea this discovery comes as joyous news; to generals planning landing operations, it is a military triumph. A man who is seasick wishes he were dead. He is hardly in shape to leap from a barge, hit the beach firing, and plunge on. Commando groups have to be pulled back when about to land because tossing seas left them limp. In some of the wallowing barges that brought Allied troops to Sicily, seasickness casualties ran as high as 75 per cent.

For two years some 50 Canadian scientists and technicians have pooled their efforts under the leadership of Surgeon Captain McCallum, medical director-general of the Royal Canadian Navy; Dr. Charles H. Best, co-worker with the late

Sir Frederick Banting on insulin; and Dr. Wilder Penfield, noted brain surgeon and director of the Montreal Neurological Institute. Banting had initiated work on the problem when he was killed in a plane crash.

First of all, to get an answer to the riddle of seasickness, thousands of people had to be tested. But to test them at sea would be impractical and time-wasting. Dr. Penfield called in a young associate, Dr. Andre Cipriani, who had been an electrical engineer before he took up medicine. He built a robot which became known as H.M.C.S. Mal de Mer. This motor-driven seasick-making machine simulates the pitching and rolling of a vessel at sea.

To H.M.C.S. Mal de Mer now came a steady stream of Canadian sailors and soldiers to make one of the most valuable and undignified contributions in the annals of science. It was soon found that fore-and-aft pitching alone was enough to produce sickness within 30 minutes if the subject was susceptible—as 40 per cent. of us are even on moderate seas. Accordingly, a number of simple swings were set up, their motion mechanically controlled. Blinders prevented the subject from being influenced by his neighbour's performance.

In reply to the obvious question—if swings make sailors sick, why don't they make children sick?—the doctors explain that young children have more immunity than adults, that children seldom swing full tilt for a solid half-hour, and that some children do get swingsick.

Though the researchers discovered no physiological differences between people who get seasick and those who do not, they did find that men poorly adjusted to their environment, hungry men, and men with hangovers were quick to succumb, and that hardened servicemen had better resistance than new recruits.

The major cause of seasickness was finally identified beyond a doubt. As suspected for years, the inner ear is the villain. This complicated mechanism is not only a hearing device, but also an elaborate "spirit level" which tells us when we are on an even keel, and informs the brain of any bodily motion in any plane. Deaf persons whose inner ears are entirely out of commission are immune to seasickness. Hence it is now assumed that motion sickness is caused by the continued irritation of the auditory sensory nerves as the "spirit level" works overtime to register the rapidly changing position of a ship.

It became clear that any seasickness remedy must have the effect of dulling the sensitivity of the nerves connected with the "spirit level." What was needed was a highly selective sedative of temporary effect which would not impair other bodily functions. You can't just **dope** a landing force. All the proprietary remedies for seasickness were tried and proved unsatisfactory.

After more than 60 compounds had been tested, the research men found that two chemicals, of little use by themselves, were extremely effective when combined. A third chemical was added, and the result was the pink capsule. Its ingredients are, of course, secret, and military reasons. It is taken one to two hours before sailing, or in rough weather, and is equally effective in curing men who are already seasick. The effect lasts for eight hours, and the dose may be repeated every eight hours thereafter with no harmful reaction. It does not dull the mind or slow up bodily motions. Any form of motion sickness, whether in ships, planes, automobiles, or trains, can be prevented or alleviated. But it is doubtful if civilians will be able to get the new remedy until the end of the war releases it.

It is Impossible to Finalise Anything—Yet!

Purists maintain it is impossible to "finalise" anything because no such word can be found in any dictionary. Maybe they are right, but professors of language aver that every dictionary always has and always will be out of date immediately it is printed. That is because the people make the language and new words are being constantly added. Perhaps the time will arrive when you will be able to complete anything you like by "finalising" it.

Herewith a study in "origins"—those happenings away back in yesteryear that, to-day, have big bearing on our lives or have provided us with phrases commonly used but without any knowledge on our part of the why or wherefore. We are prone to take too much for granted and every one of us would find difficulty in describing how so-and-so became part and parcel of our daily lives.

Obviously the great majority of us pass over such matters after leaving school, but it is always interesting and research can teach us much that will surprise. For instance:—

There is not one among us who has not heard about the time payment system. How did it come about? According to Paul F. Berdanier, who made a close scrutiny of origins more than a decade back and will be quoted freely forthwith, "Time Payment" came about this way:—

On January 10, 1789, John Jacob Astor advertised in New York newspapers that he was prepared to sell English made pianos "on progressive payments" at his place of business, 81 Queen Street. And did he start something!

* * *

How did we get our parliaments? Read on and smile:—

The name for the supreme legislative body of England grew out of the French "Parler" (to talk) and "parlement" (a conversation). Louis VII. of France first applied the name to general assemblies.

Did Eve give Adam the apple?

The Oriental story of the Garden of Eden said that the serpent had hidden in a bunch of bananas, which were called "Musa Sapientum" (fruit of knowledge) by philosopher Theophrastus because the Wise Men of India used them as food. Later versions and translations substituted the apple for the bananas.

* * *

Quite a lot of us go to church!

Ancient Romans called a platform a "Pulpitum" and by 1696 this had been shortened to "pulpit" and described a stage on which comedians performed. It took many years for the term to lose its association with comedy and become solely associated with the church.

* * *

Anyone's "Swan Song" should be their last act. The expression is common enough but few know that—

It is a classical fable King Daedalus slew Diomed for having wounded Venus, and Diomed's companions were turned into swans which, on the approach of death, sang mournful dirges. That gave us the saying that "Swan Song" is the last work of a composer or poet.

* * *

If you know anything about printers and big concerns in the line you will also know they, and newspapers, possess their Chapel.

An organised body of journeymen printers is called a "Chapel" because William Caxton, a 15th century English printer, is said to have practised his profession in one of the chapels of Westminster Abbey.

* * *

That's "Tit for Tat" is an oft used expression when one "gets square" with another for something not considered, say, one hundred per cent. perfect or above-board.

In great-grandpa's day anyone who wished to stress a point in personal argument would "tap" the second party to the debate with the first finger. The word "tap" is taken

from the French "taper" (to tap lightly with the fingers) and combined with "tip" from Swedish "tipper" (to strike gently). "Tip for Tap" meant two persons tapping each other with the fingers to emphasise their remarks. "Tit for Tat" is the modern version and means retaliation of any kind.

* * *

Ever heard anyone say "He's hob-nobbing with the Big Wigs"?

In the 18th century senior officers of the British Navy wore huge wigs so the sailors dubbed them "Big Wigs." Later on the expression was made to refer to anyone on land who is in high authority and difficult to reach in person.

* * *

In olden times railway travel was not by any means a comfortable mode of transport. Travellers were forced to sit on hard seats in a springless chassis and, in 1873 (not so very far back, mark you) a



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McMahon's FOR HAIR AND SCALP

measure was introduced in the United States Senate dealing with "The prevention of Cruelty to Travellers." That started something, but comfortable rail travel did not eventuate for several years afterwards.

* * *

Every businessman knows all about the Chamber of Commerce, but how many can tell how it came about?

On April 5, 1768, twenty merchants of New York organised the first "Chamber of Commerce" to be free of government control. A fee of five Spanish dollars was charged for admission.

* * *

Theatre-goers will have heard all about the "pit"—that place where the orchestra sits.

In the dark ages that area between the boxes and stage was used for cock-fighting and was called the "cockpit." When that form of entertainment was banned the name was shortened to "Pit."

* * *

There are many in our midst who would give to Henry Ford, of flivver fame, the credit for introducing "mass production," but the idea of giving each workman a single simplified task was developed in the stockyards of Chicago in 1880. There the thousands of carcasses handled daily were hung to a moving trolley-line and each required operation was done singly by man after man as it passed along the shed. Others learned, saw, copied and improved.

* * *

Let us hope none of our members will be "put on the spot" in its truest sense.

Modern gangsters are credited with putting enemies "on the spot," but centuries back, Kaingang Indians of Brazil had their own interpretation. They invited an enemy to a feast—a special sort of invitation—when he would be filled with liquor until hopelessly drunk and then politely killed!

* * *

Hardly one of us has escaped the lure of Lady Nicotine and, in the main, we hope what we are smoking is tobacco. Don't imagine that name is the result of some learned scholar

who has joined certain word roots together. Actually tobacco gets its name from the "Tabaco"—a tube through which Carib Indians of the West Indies smoked the plant years before modern pipes came into being.

* * *

To-day there are Trust Companies galore. How come?

In 1882 John D. Rockefeller and his partners had secured control of over forty companies which were bound by exchange of stock. There appeared to be a certain looseness possible and lawyer Samuel C. T. Todd drafted a scheme for conveying all stocks held by the combined companies "in trust" to nine "trustees" who assumed direct control. The idea was accepted and thus brought into being the first industrial "Trust" in history.

* * *

The Royal Navy has many rules and regulations entirely its own, but one has long since gone out of general orders. You never hear of "Seven Bells" these days.

In 1797 a mutiny broke out on a British man-of-war and it started as the clock chimed 7.30 p.m. By pre-arranged plan by the crew seven bells was struck as the signal. The authorities considered such an act as the worst possible behaviour and banned henceforth the usage of seven bells on all British ships of war.

* * *

Are you superstitious? If you are you must be a descendant of ancient Rome when the custom was to carry a bronze coin in one's garments in the belief that bronze was sacred to the Gods and, therefore, lucky.

* * *

What has been written above is the result of deep research and every effort has been made to ensure accuracy. But, in any case, you can't touch me, because I have my fingers crossed.

The ancients believed that evil spirits entered and left the body through the fingers and toes. They would tie ropes round the arms and legs or cross them to prevent this. That is why kiddies of to-day cross their fingers—to ensure good luck, or safeguard them from any harm.

RANDWICK INTERLUDE

On the lawn in front of the public stand in the Paddock enclosure, Mr. James Arcus, in long braided coat, has made music at every Randwick race meeting since 1899. Until Mr. Lewis Leon de Groen died 25 years ago, Mr. Arcus played in the band. At Mr. de Groen's death Mr. Arcus mounted the podium.

In his presence All Love ran an Australasian record race over five furlongs, Freckles over seven furlongs, Beau Vite over 1½ miles, Dashing Cavalier over 1 mile 5 furlongs, Young Crusader over 1½ miles, and Trafalgar over three miles.

But all this is of little consequence to Mr. Arcus, because he is not interested in horses. Neither is he interested in bookmakers, jockeys or betting systems.

He is interested in punters, but it is an aesthetic, not a sporting interest. He says he hopes the punters have the same aesthetic interest in him and his band.

As he begins "Reminiscences of Balfe" some 8,000 Paddock punters turn their backs on him and attempt to push and shove through a narrow aperture into the betting ring.

"To be quite candid, sir," says Mr. Arcus, "I have never invested any part of my income on a race-horse at any time. Nor, strange as it may seem to you, have I ever been the recipient of what one of my fellow music makers informs me is known as 'the good oil.'"

"Unusual nomenclature, is it not?"

Mr. Arcus goes on to point out that a Randwick race meeting used to be a real carnival. There was a Punch and Judy show, an Aunt Sally, a rifle range, boxing ring and coloured bunting. These have gone, and only Mr. Arcus' band remains.

When Mr. Arcus started playing in 1899 at Randwick, ladies wore Gainsborough hats and bustles, and gentlemen wore top hats. Many drove to the course in a carriage and four. Some of the St. Leger patrons arrived on tandems.

"They were days of great charm, and I like to think there is something of this left," he says.—From an article by Roland Pullen in the "Sunday Telegraph."

Beal Takes Off the Gloves

By John Lardner (of U.S.A.)

A big fellow with a clipped brown moustache and named Lieutenant Richard George Arthur Beal once fought a German in Hamburg and got a draw.

He fought another bout in Berlin and won a decision, which he admits was quite remarkable, home-town judges being what they are, and especially in Berlin, where it has been practically illegal for ten years to whip a superman.

One day not long ago on the Anzio beachhead Lieut. Beal got loose among the Germans again. This time he really raised hell with them. He had an armoured car with a lot of firepower on it instead of boxing gloves, and the official confirmed score for him and his reconnaissance crew was two German self-propelled 88-millimeter guns, two infantry guns, and two three-inch mortars and their crews.

An informal estimate at British reconnaissance headquarters says Lieut. Beal's car killed sixty German soldiers that day.

"That sounds about right," said Beal when I saw him. "Look, do you mind if I take my boots off? I've been out on another job and haven't had them off for nine days. My God, that feels good!"

Lieut. Beal comes from Sherwood in the County of Nottingham. In school and college he was one of England's best amateur heavyweight boxers and in this capacity he made his brief raid on Germany in 1935, drawing once and winning once.

His raid up the beachhead roads toward the thorny German stronghold at Campoleone put him so far ahead that the Germans will probably never catch up without the assistance of Max Schmeling, who is said to be in a state of disrepair.

Probing at the head of his patrol, Lieut. Beal and car and crew found themselves among a Nazi outpost of Paratroop Division soldiers in strength of about two companies. The Germans were in various stages of shaving, washing and

breakfasting, and Beal's car shot them up lavishly. In the first half hour their "Beezer" guns, or mounted machine guns, fired off seventeen boxes of ammunition.

The picnic continued for five hours. At one point Lieut. Beal came upon a German demolition unit of eighteen engineers about to blow up a railroad bridge, and "removed" all eighteen.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, ordered by radio to withdraw, Lieut. Beal and crew fought their way out again—or almost out. The car got bogged in a swamp and a colleague and his driver had to dig them out, nonchalantly hooking on the tow chains, etc., while the Germans fired mortar shells at them.

"We were very fortunate," said Beal. "Speaking of heavyweight fighters, I don't believe Freddie Mills of England can ever beat Joe Louis. But I saw Tommy Farr fight Louis, and Tommy almost beat him. Don't you think so?"

Your correspondent murmured something polite. This Beal is not the sort of character you like to disagree with.

RACING FIXTURES—1944

JULY.

Canterbury	Saturday, 1st
Rosehill	Saturday, 8th
Moorefield	Saturday, 15th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 22nd
Victoria Park	Saturday, 29th

AUGUST.

Ascot	Saturday, 5th
Moorefield	Saturday, 12th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 19th
Sydney Turf Club (Randwick),	Saturday, 26th

SEPTEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 2nd
Canterbury	Saturday, 9th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 16th
Rosehill	Saturday, 23rd
Hawkesbury	Saturday, 30th

OCTOBER.

A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 7th
A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 14th
A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 21st
City Tattersall's	Saturday, 28th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill	Saturday, 4th
Victoria Park	Saturday, 11th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 18th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 25th

DECEMBER.

Moorefield	Saturday, 2nd
Canterbury	Saturday, 9th
Ascot	Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting)	Saturday, 23rd
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting)	Tuesday, 26th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 30th

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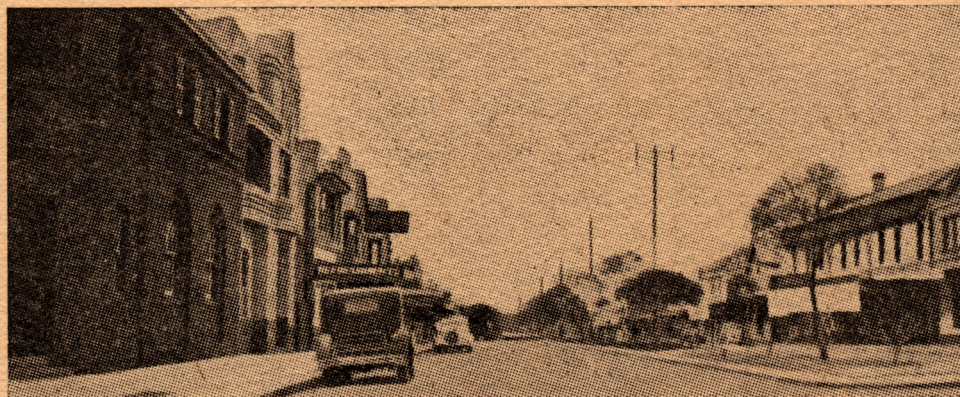
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CAMDEN

CAMDEN and its environs are an admixture of the old world and the new . . . here one feels the quiet serenity—something of the rural charm of England, as well as that feeling of our own countryside.

For many years after the first settlement in New South Wales, the district remained almost untouched; in fact it could be said quite truthfully that the first settlers in Camden were cattle, for when the first fleet anchored in Sydney Harbour, a long-suffering herd of cattle was landed, whereupon the poor brutes stampeded and disappeared into the thick bush.

Thus vanished overnight our first settlers' beef supply.

Many efforts to track down the cattle were made, but nothing happened until the arrival of Governor Hunter. In an endeavour to explore inland from the settlement, the Governor, with a small party, left Parramatta and headed in a south-westerly direction.

After two days journeying, to the amazement of the party, a lowing of cattle was heard and there, after 8 years were the missing cattle, increased to 40 in number.

His Excellency, with true foresight, decided not to move the herd as the countryside provided ideal grazing conditions, but instead issued instructions for the closing of the pastures—thus came the original name for Camden—Cowpastures.

Camden and John MacArthur—these are almost synonymous terms, and it was this famous settler who named the district thus after the Minister for Colonies—Lord Camden.

It is interesting to note that the Camden country was called by blackfellows, "Ben-hennie"—meaning roughly—"the dry land."

A map of the district was drawn in 1796 of the "forbidden territory" which showed the boundaries as, south the River Bargo, north the Nepean and Warragamba, and west as the Nattai Mountains.

Two men named Wilson and Barrack were stationed near the ford of the Nepean to act as game wardens, but they could hardly be termed "settlers." George Cayley, the botanist, made several journeys to the district in 1804 and reported to Governor King that he emphatically agreed with an earlier description from Lieutenant Barrallier citing the district as being so promising that it would be impossible for the authorities to neglect so rich a country.

Following this, in 1805, the year of John MacArthur's grant, Surveyor James Meehan surveyed a track from Prospect and by the year 1815, a cottage had been built at Camden for Mrs. MacArthur, where her husband was grazing the pure merino sheep presented to him by King George IV.

Nothing really was done to open up the district until 1818 when a convict-built coach

road was constructed from Parramatta through Narellan to Camden.

Grants were made in the district until 1825 to John MacArthur in particular and to Walter Davidson (Belmont), James MacArthur (Roslyn), William MacArthur (Melrose), J. P. de Arie (Morton Park) and Arthur Douglas (Hoare Town).

By 1825 John MacArthur's holdings included Camden Park, Upper Camden, South and West Camden, Brisbane Farm, Cawdor and North Camden.

Designed by a convict named Wainwright in 1825, the first Cowpastures bridge was a ramshackle affair, but it gave splendid service for about 35 years.

Early settlers experienced considerable trouble from bushrangers and blackfellows, the most notorious of the former being the man, Lynch; the Burrigorang Valley was for many years the refuge of these marauders.

Nothing was done to establish a township during the life of John MacArthur, but after his death a village was surveyed in 1836: Camden Park House, one of our most important historic buildings was not erected until the following year.

In 1840, interested citizens of Sydney read in the newspaper of the day . . . "We have been gratified by the inspection of a design for the proposed village of Camden, the site for which has been most eligibly chosen in the vicinity of the Cowpasture Bridge, on the present line of the Razor Back Road. On the greatest elevation it is proposed to erect a church, the situation of which will be highly picturesque. The village allotments, one hundred in number, each contain half an acre, and will be suitable for the erection of cottages and dwellings."

Work on the village commenced in 1840 as it did also on St. John's Church and in the same year, the Court of Petty Sessions, hitherto held at Cawdor, was brought to Camden.

As the district became settled, coaches ran from Parramatta, a regular service being extended from Campbelltown by the famous Cobb & Coy.

Owing to the Nepean River flowing round so much of the township there has never been any possibility of drought at Camden; floods, instead, have been numerous, one of these in July, 1853, cutting off the township from the neighbourhood for several days.

A great fire occurred in 1856 when John Oxley's steam flour mills were burned and it was entirely due to the heroic and willing efforts of the men of the district in forming a bucket chain to the river to quell the

flames that Camden village escaped destruction.

A steam tram ran from Campbelltown to Camden for many years and connected with the railway line there; the regular branch service was not built and opened until about 1920.

The newspaper "The Camden News" was published in 1880 and in 1882 the first real bridge was built.

In 1885 the Camden Agricultural, Horticultural and Industrial Society came into being. Land was obtained adjacent to what is now Onslow Park, and the whole area later made into a splendid reserve.

The town was incorporated a municipality in 1889 and in 1939 celebrated its Golden Jubilee.

A year before the close of the last century an excellent water supply was reticulated, and two years later the present traffic bridge was opened. Electric light and power came in 1927.

Rich in historical association, Camden's production record is worthy of the past. There are a number of sheep supported in the district, also cattle, horses and pigs.

Some thousands of acres are under cultivation for maize, hay, green feed and fruit whilst the annual butter output is very considerable.

To-day Camden is chiefly a dairy district and is the headquarters of the Camden Vale Milk Co-operative and the Dairy Farmers' Co-operative Companies.

Apples, grapes, peaches, oranges and also other fruits and vegetables grow to perfection in the district and the hills surrounding have supplied excellent stone for building and construction purposes.

The centre of a beautiful and fertile area, Camden has many modern services, and it can in very truth be claimed that if Parramatta was the cradle of our wool industry then Camden was indeed its nursery.

There is an atmosphere about Camden of that which is old and warm and mellow and in its storied past is reflected the courage, endurance and enterprise of our early settlers and in particular the man whose name is eternally linked with Camden—John MacArthur.



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